A

Countercuffe giuen to Martin Iunior : *by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Paſquill of England, Canaliero.*

Not of olde Martins making, which newlie knighted the Saints in Heauen, with riſe vp Sir Peter and Sir Paule; But lately dubd for his ſeruice at home in the defence of his Countrey, and for the cleane breaking of his ſtaffe vppon Martins face.

PRINTED,

Betweene the skye and the grounde,

VVithin a myle of an Oake, and not many fieldes of, from the vnpriuiledged Preſſe of the Aſſ-ignes of *Martin Iunior.*

Anno. Dom. 1589.

A

PASQVILL OF ENG-LAND TO MARTIN IVNIOR.

VAliant *Martin*, if euer the earth carried anie Gyants, as fabulous antiquitie hath auouched, which entred into wars and conſpiracies againſt GOD, thy father *Mar-prelat* was a whelpe of that race; who to reuiue the memory of his auncеſters almoſt forgotten, hath broken into heauen with his blaſphemies. If the Monſter be deade, I meruaile not, for hee was but an error of Nature, not long liued: hatched in the heat of the ſinnes of *England*, and ſent into theſe peaceable Seas of ours, to play like a Dolphin before a tempeſt. The heads this *Hydra* loſt in a famous place of late, where euery newe Bugge no ſooner puts out his hornes, but is beaten downe; The Anotamie latelie taken of him, the blood and the humors that were taken from him, by launcing and worming him at *London* vpon the common Stage; The maine buffets that are giuen him in euery corner of this Realme, are euident tokens, that beeing thorow ſouſt in ſo many ſhowres, hee had no other refuge but to runne into a hole, and die as he liued, belching.

Turkie hath very good cauſe to bewaile his death, for theyr Religion like an ancient building, worne with extremity of age, riues, & threatens ruine on euery ſide, if it be not ſupported by newe proppes. One of the beſt meanes the deuill inuented to holde that vppe, was the helpe of thy Father, to pull downe all other Religions vnder heauen. His Concluſions and thy Epilogue, are two as fitte ſwordes, as *Mahomet* himſelfe could deſire to kill a Chriſtian. But becauſe thy Father wained with the

Moone for want of ſtrength, when he left thee his *Theſes* without life or limme, I woulde wiſhe thee to put them in Moode and Figure for his ſake. *Paſquill* hath vndertaken to write a very famous worke, Entituled, *THE OWLES ALMANACKE:* wherein the night labours and byrth of your Religion is ſette downe: the aſcent and deſcent of the Starres that fauour it, is truelie calculated: the aſpects of the Planets raigning ouer it, are expreſſed, with a iollie coniecture drawne from the iudgment of the Theame, what end your Religion is like to haue. Now becauſe hee hath reſerued a blanke Paper at the end of the worke, for the foure ſeaſons of the yere, (as commonly Calculators doe) he is determined to keepe that in his hand, till your Syllogiſmes be made, that he may fill vppe his Booke, with the diſeaſes and remedies of your Arguments, in what quarter of the yeere ſo euer they fall.

Paſquill hath taken vp your Gloue, and deſires you to charge your weapon at him like a Man. If you play with him, as your father and your ſelfe haue doone with the Biſhops heretofore, if you barke like a Curre and bite behind, he will haue a tricke with his heele to ſtrike out your teeth. Whilſt you conſult with your Topicks to ground your reaſons ſure, *Paſquill* wyll come vppon you with another venewe. For he came latelie ouer-ſea into *Kent*, frō thence he cut ouer into *Eſſex* at *Graueſende*, and hearing ſome tidings of *Hartford-ſhire*, becauſe hee cannot ride far without a bayte, he made as much haſte as hee could to S. *Albanes*, where he ſtaid one whole Sabaoth at the Chriſtopher, and hauing there peſtered a newe paire of Writing-tables with profitable Notes for that quarter, he ſette forwarde the Munday following to *North-hampton-ſhire*, ſmyling and glauncing as he turnd his Horſe about to bidde the Congregation of Saint *Michaels* adiewe.

To be breſe with your worſhipfultie, *Paſquill* hath poſted very dilligently ouer all the Realme, to gather ſome fruitfull Volume of *THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS*, which Mauger your fiue hundred fauorites ſhall be printed. There ſhall you read of that reuerend Elder of your Church,

who

who beeing credited with the ſtocke of the poore, pertaining to the Bride-well houſe of *Canterburie* to ſette men a work, was compelled to keepe it to himſelfe, becauſe no poore folkes of the houſhold of Faith could be found in all that Cittie. There ſhall you ſee the life and learning of a Paſtor of your Church, which expounding the Articles of our Beliefe in *Deuon-ſhire*, when he came to handle the deſcending into Hell, wrote a Latine Letter to a neighbour Miniſter of his to craue his aduiſe, and rapt it out luſtilie, *Si tu non vis venire mihi, ego volo venire tibi*: and ſo by the leakes that remaine in his Latine, made more worke for the Tinker, than euer your Father made for the Cooper. I will leape ouer one of your Brother Preachers in *North-hampton-ſhire*, which is as good a Hound for his ſent to ſmell a feaſt as euer man ſawe. *Paſquill* met him betweene *Bifield* and *Fawſeley*, with a little Hatte like a Sawcer vppon hys crowne, a Filch-man in his hande, a ſwapping Ale-dagger at his back, containing by eſtimation, ſome two or three poundes of yron in the hyltes and chape, and a Bandogge by his ſide, to commaund fortie foote of grounde whereſoeuer he goes, that neuer a Begger come neere him to craue an Almes. O how my Palfrey fetcht me vppe the Curuetto, and daunced the Goates iumpe, when I ranne the ring round about him to retriue him: it ſhould ſeeme by the manages my beaſt made, that hee knewe his Maiſter had a ſpeciall peece of ſeruice in hande. You ſhall haue a goodly bande of theſe men in the volume of the Saints. *Paſquill* is nowe gone ouer-ſea to commit it to the Preſſe, and it is his pleaſure (becauſe it is the firſt opening of his ſhop) to giue you a taſte of his Wares before you buy them, like a franck Merchant.

In the mean ſeaſon, ſweet *Martin Iunior*, play thou the knaue kindly as thou haſt begun, and waxe as olde in iniquitie as thy father. Downe with learning and Vniuerſities, I can bring you a Free-maſon out of *Kent*, that gaue ouer his occupation twentie yeeres agoe. He wil make a good Deacon for your purpoſe, I haue taken ſome tryall of his gifts, hee preacheth very pretilie ouer a Ioynd-ſtoole. Theſe Biſhops are ſomewhat too well

grounded for greene-heades, ſo long as they keepe their place and power, it is impoſſible for thee to caſt the Religion of this Land into a newe Molde euery newe Moone. The whole ſtate of the Lande perceiues it well enough, that to deliuer vppe the Prelacie to *Martin*, is a Canker more daungerous to the Church and Realme, than it was for the *Athenians* to deliuer theyr Orators to *Phillip* of *Macedon* their vtter enemie: or thã it is for the Sheepe to betray their Sheepheards to the Woolfe. These ſtaid Fathers, through their long ſtudie, practiſe, and experience in the Church of God, are skilful Phiſitions, acquainted with the beating of euery pulſe that beates out of order: they are able to diſcerne at the firſt touch, from what kinde of Hæreſie, euery one of theſe new Feuers that trouble vs, had his beginning. Therefore, as the high way to haſten the ende of the ſicke, when you thinke to profit by their death, is eyther to counſell them to deſpiſe the Phiſition, and caſt both the Gobket and Potion againſt the walles: or els to deliuer them into the handes of an ignorant Leache, which by miniſtring euerie Sowters receipt to reforme the ſtate of the bodie, plyeth them with purgatiue vppon purgatiue, till hee weakeneth the ſtomacke, and rots both the Liuer and the Longes; So the readie courſe to poiſon her Maieſties louing people, is to diſcredite the Phiſitions of their ſoules vnto them, and to ſuffer euerie *Martin* and Mounte-bancke to practiſe on them.

By theſe meanes ſhall you ſee Religion haled with violence into her graue, the goodly frame of this Common-weale ſhall fall, and Banck-rouptes and Atheiſts pocket vppe the peeces. But our comfort is, that the wiſedom of her moſt excellent Maieſtie is knowne to be greater, then to be traind from ſo high a ſeate to ſo baſe a lure, as euery *Martiniſt* caſteth out vnto her. Her ſacred Maieſtie knowes, that it behoueth all Princes to haue a watchfull regarde vnto their eſtate, which is to be preſerued as well by dooing of nothing that may endomage them, as by ſeeking of any thing conuenient for them.

Neuer bragge in this quarrell of your fiue hundred Brethren of credit and abilitie, *Paſquill* hath excellent Ferrets to followe them

them in their owne Boroughs: and he can tell you that there is a common kinde of affection, which men of this age carrie to such as you, whilst they haue any seruice to put you to, like vnto them that hauing somwhat to doe with a confection of poyson, reioyce when they finde it, yet they hate the malice of it, and throw it out of the doores when their turne is serued. Neither doubt I, but that the same reckoning in the ende wyll be made of you, which your fauourers commonly make of theyr olde shooes, when they are past wearing, they barter thē away for newe Broomes, or carrie them foorth to the dunghill and leaue them there.

I coulde tell you manie strange stratagems of your best Friendes, but *Pasquill* is a Trauailer, and he knowes that Writers and Printers in these daies, are like to Men placed at the *Persian* Banquets, if they rowle they eye neuer so little at one side, there stands an Eunuch before them with his hart full of iealousie, and his Bowe readie bent to shoote them through, because they looke farther then the Lawes of the Countrey suffer them Neuertheless, because your faction is suddainlie growne stale like an Oyster, and gapes so wide, that euery Fishwife at Billingf-gate sees into you, either wee must wilfullie winke, and put out our eyes, or els wee cannot choose but discouer a number of your deformities. *Pasquils* experience in thys generation teacheth him, that many of your Bowlsterers, may be compared to Bookes that are gilded & trimlie couered, they sette a faire face of Religion vppon your cause, but when they are opened, they are full of Tragedies, eyther *Thyestes* eating vppe the flesh of his owne Children, or cursed *Oedipus*, in bed with his owne Mother.

Can you nowe Mast *Martin*, perswade your selfe you shal haue a pride in your Pistle making, when you vaunte of thys brotherhood, and deceiue the world with such drugs as please your owne taste. If your fore-heade be so harde that you can indeede, forwards and spare not, *Pasquill* is readie to pull your Feathers. You shall shortlie haue a Glosse and a Commentarie vppon your Epilogue, with certaine Hayes, Iigges, Rimes,

Rounde-

Roundelayes, and Madrigals, seruing for Epitaphes to your Fathers Hearse, to make the world laughe out the long Winters nights, which verie shortlie will steale vpon vs.

In the meane season, because the Winde and the Tide will staie for no Man, and I was iust at the making heereof as merrie as your selfe, and taking Shippe to bring that braue Catalogue of the Saints to light; I bid your Masterdome fare-well till *Michaelmas* Tearme, commending your worshippe to the line and the leading of your owne spirite. From *Grauesende* Barge the eight of *August*, the first and last yeere of *Martinisme*, which like the vntimelie fruite of his Masterships Mother, dieth before it sees the Sunne, and withereth as the Grasse vppon the house toppe before the Mower be able to fill his hande with it.

To come to the close,
In Rime or in Prose,
In spight of thy nose,
Thine for these seauen yeeres:

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